$1.50 " year

NOVEMBER, 194

# The Liberalist

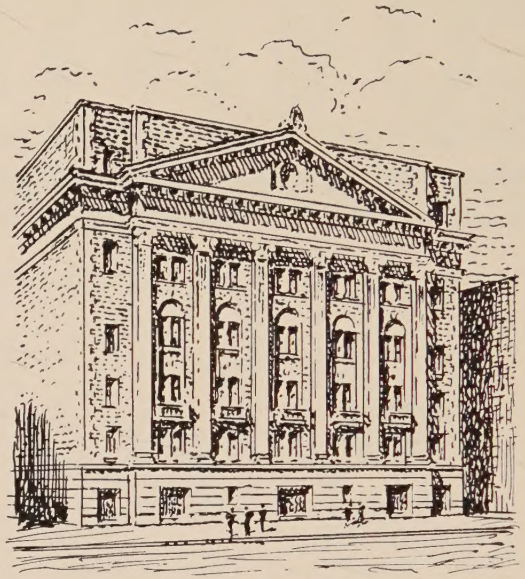
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

## *Thanksgiving*

Not alone for mighty empire,
  Stretching far o'er land and sea;
Not alone for bounteous harvests,
  Lift we up our hearts to Thee.
Standing in the living present,
  Memory and hope between,
Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving
  Praise Thee most for things unseen.

God of justice, save the people
  From the clash of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction;
  Make our nation free indeed.
Keep her faith in simple manhood
  Strong as when her life began,
Till it finds its full fruition
  In the brotherhood of man.

*William P. Merrill*



**THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO**

**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

# Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

# The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

*Volume XXIII* **November, 1946** *Number 8*


## *Special Announcement*

## SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

In The

## PEOPLES CHURCH

*Opening Night*—Sunday, November 3rd
7:30 P.M.

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, Pastor

* * *

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES
Great Books Series

*Opening Night*—Wednesday, November 6th

NOVEMBER BOOK LECTURES

Nov. 6—"PEACE OF MIND"
by Joshua Loth Liebman

Nov. 13—"THE GATES OF AULIS"
by Gladys Schmidt

Nov. 20—"DAVID, THE KING"
by Gladys Schmidt

Nov. 27—"THE BEST YEARS"
by Walter H. Pitkin

# THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence, at Sheridan

*35th YEAR*

*MORNING SERVICE—11:00 O'Clock*

Broadcast by WJJD

*EVENING SERVICE—7:30 O'Clock*

Not Broadcast (2,000 seats)

* * *

Church School of Religious Education—Sunday, 9:30 A.M.

* * *

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures—8:00 to 9:00

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## DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday morning.....11:00 a.m.

WLS—Chicago outlet for ABC network, coast-to-coast hook-up (200 radio stations)—"Hymns of All Churches" program, Monday through Friday..... 9:25 a.m.

WGN—Every evening, Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

### Special Announcement

### THANKSGIVING MORNING COMMUNITY SERVICE

**Thursday, November 28th, 1946**

**11:00 to 12:00**

Plan to bring your family and your guests to Church for this one hour of prayer and Thanksgiving. Dr. Bradley will deliver a short address. The service will be dismissed promptly at 12:00 noon.

# "THE CONFUSION OF OUR TIME"

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**
**Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago**

NOT very long ago I stood in a sickroom by the bedside of one of whom I was very fond and who was desperately ill and had been for a long time. During my visit the physician entered the room and with the usual professional circumstances which were involved, he asked me if I would not kindly step out of the room a moment, and I did. Later he opened the door of the hospital room and said: "You may come in, Doctor Bradley, now." I went in and in a moment he left. As he left the hospital room I followed him into the corridor and I said: "Doctor, are you quite concerned about this?" I said, "I should like to know what you think are the chances for the patient's recovery." He turned to me and said: "We have reached a crisis, there is nothing more that I can do, all will depend now upon the reserve energy of the patient and the patient's will to live." The reserve energy and the will to live!

The world is sick, it is ill, very ill, but the great Physician and the great Diagnostician who cures the ills of the world and of men is still on the case, and, as in the experience which I have just told you, there comes a time in every illness, as you well know, when the crisis is inevitable. It does not matter how severe the illness is, nor how tragic it is; none of these things matter; the crisis is relative but it is inevitable. As to the world, after all the diagnoses, and we have had plenty of them, can there be any doubt in anyone's mind as to the nature of the illness? Can any discriminating observer of the national scene possibly be confused about the disease? I don't think so. I think that those who represent all shades of opinion, all political philosophies, all theological loyalties, are quite agreed as to the nature of the disease. Everyone, it seems to me, ought to know, even by superficial observation, the magnitude of the disease, its identity, its character—we have had plenty of diagnostic voices representing all shades of political, economic, industrial, religious, educational, governmental philosophy up and down the world—plenty of voices have been telling us what we were suffering from.

Confusion does not result from not knowing what the conditions are, confusion results in the conflict over what is the best remedy to change conditions. The confusion of this hour is not the confusion of misunderstanding the problems; a crisis always brings into sharp relief all factors. Therefore, a crisis is good; a crisis is good in the science of the healing art of medicine. Most good physicians and surgeons, and I only speak from observation, feel a little relieved when the crisis comes; they have been looking for it, they have been expecting it, they have wanted it. Do not feel in your hearts and minds any confusion because we are reaching a crisis. It is good. Let us get the matter out in the light. Let us get where we can look all around it. Let us get issues straight. Let us see what the crisis portends. The confusion which is identified with crisis is increased because people increasingly are finding it difficult to know what to do about it.

In other words, the challenge is the challenge of method, is it not? I do not think that there is any great serious difference, a fundamental difference,

between the desire of the President of the United States and Mr. Wallace, for instance, to achieve a lasting peace. I believe in this domestic controversy which is now sweeping the hearts of America and which is the forerunner of a political controversy that will shake the foundations of the nation before November, 1948. I am trying to eliminate this morning the emotional background, the prejudices and the divisions which are in our minds, and this is one of the issues where there will be very few who will see the problems in terms of their relationship to the historical processes—that is the difficulty we get into in these matters, our thinking is conditioned by the limitations of our concepts as to their significance and we treat things that belong to the eternal as though they were circumscribed by a few months, or years, or the lifetime of one man. Fundamentally, the principle involved for the creation of an integrated world is vastly more important than Mr. Truman or Mr. Wallace, or Mr. Molotov, or Mr. Stalin, or any of these intensified objective activities of the present hour. They could both die before midnight tonight and the eternal aspect of the problem would still live. You see what I mean?

So we have to look at these things in the light of the whole universal range of human history and not with our little petty bigoted, provincial minds that have been conditioned by hatreds of personalities and our despicable attitude toward people who are of a different race or color.

No doubt about it, the crisis is impending. I am not sure but that the crisis will shake the world as it has never been disturbed in all the tortuous years of man's pilgrimage. World shaking events are about to take place. The crisis is nearer than most of us think. It is nearer than any of us, perhaps, know. Might I apply again the analogy of the illustration with which I opened the sermon? "Doctor, will the patient recover?" "It depends on two things, their reserve power and their will to live." Have you the will to live, sick world? You have a reserve power all right in the crisis, a power that has never been yet fully tapped, appreciated or understood. A sick, confused, tired world, suffering from disillusionment, from economic distortion, from theological hatreds, from ecclesiastical competitions, from racial bickerings; oh, world, *you have a power that you have not yet touched for your own recovery!* No single man in all the ages, no matter how diabolical, no matter how vicious, no matter how cruel, a thousand Genghis Khans, a million Othellos, a thousand thousand Alexanders, a million Hitlers, a million Mussolinis, a million men basing their philosophy on hate and greed and avarice and power of expansion, on land, on dollars, on profits, a million of them with more superb genius for control and dictatorship than has yet lived in the personality of any individual, a million of them can never destroy the available power for humankind to live and get well!

Where do you get the idea that you are living in a world where evil and evil men are finally stronger than good men and good principles? They are not! A part of our confusion and disillusionment and cynicism and defeatism in this hour is based upon a false conception of our own will to live. Let the peoples of the earth, the hunted, the haunted, the wrecked and maimed, the alienated, the sad, the recipients of the tragic reaction of an unachieved ideal in the world, sick, tired, beaten, let them have a new birth of the will to live and let them contact the available source of the power of their own reserve energies and you will see what will happen to our sick world.

I know what would happen, and I know that standing there behind the curtain of destiny is the great spirit of GOD, and I know that that Spirit will let the nations, and all the leaders of nations, and the prime ministers, the presidents, the secretaries of state, and all the official machinery of intense objectivity play out their little game *JUST SO FAR* (they always have, they always will) and then the inevitable crisis, *AND THEN GOD.* And what chance have selfish men, men who think they can create a world of peace by merely annihilating another people, men who think they can create peace by dropping atomic bombs? Poor, materialistically-minded, anchored minds, anchored to the mechanistics of earth, *AND THEN GOD, THE WILL TO LIVE!*

As I was coming to Church this morning, I thought "They will not hear my words." There is a fine congregation in the Church and we have reason to believe that there are probably six or seven million people listening on the air, but there are 140 millions of us, 4 million in the metropolitan area alone, and sometimes, standing in my pulpit, you don't know how I try, sometimes too hard, perhaps, to get people's minds and hearts to where they would be the recipients of a power that I know is there, a power that is available, a power for the world; and I am so burdened in this hour of the crisis for my nation and crisis for the world that I have not time for little bickerings. These are moments when we should be thinking great thoughts, not little ones. I have not time for the little things that destroy energy and sap vitality; my world is ill, we know the disease, and that the diagnosis is *HATE, JEALOUSY, ENVY, PROFIT, MECHANISTIC POWER* . . . we know what the world is suffering from. Of course we do, it is *AMBITION,* it is to be *GREATER* and *STRONGER,* it is to *KILL SOMEBODY BEFORE THEY KILL US!* That's what is the matter with our world! That's the disease, the most terrible disease that could afflict anybody, or any nation, and we have got it. *Hate, HATE, H A T E!* And I am burdened as I have never been burdened in my ministry, never, and for whatever there is left of it for me, I shall be burdened with trying to get people to see this light.

Let us be straight out about it. There is only one physician, there is only one cure: *the physician is CHRIST, and the cure is to love your fellowmen.* Let's get it straight, there is none other. If we could see Christ . . . Christianity was born in an age of confusion, and don't forget the cross is its symbol . . . it was born in an hour of the tyranny of Rome, and Christ taught the world four things. That God loved it; that men should love each other; and that God and man working together could create the Kingdom of God. And the fourth thing He taught was . . . have no doubts about this . . . the fourth thing He taught was that *OUR RELIGION IS MANIFESTED IN OUR WORK WHEN WE MAKE IT COUNT FOR MEN.*

A critically sick world, a confused world, of course, but do you hear a voice: *"I have overcome the world."* That is the triumph of Christ in the soul of men in this hour.

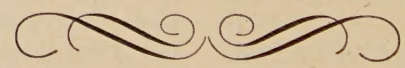
Now listen to this. A little simple remedy; I would like to have you take it home this morning; I would like to have you think about it this week. I have tried to preach truth today. From here on it is all you are going to get from me. The hour demands big themes, big truths, and we shall try. And so this simple little story. Will you listen to it?

In October, 1800, a boy named John Todd was born in Rutland, Vt. While

he was still a baby his people moved to Killingworth, Connecticut. There, when John was only six years of age both his parents died. The children of the family were parceled out among the relatives and John was sent to a kind-hearted aunt who lived in North Killingworth. With her he made his home. Ten years later he entered Yale, after graduating there he studied for the ministry and in the course of time became one of the most influential Congregational ministers in New England. Just a hundred years ago he was serving in the Congregational Church of Pittsfield when a pitiful letter from his Aunt reached him in which she wrote: "My doctor tells me I am the victim of an incurable disease and that death is not only inevitable but imminent." In great distress of mind she promptly wrote her nephew. He had gone to college, he had read many books, he knew a great deal of life, "Could he tell her anything about death? Was death something to fear?" And this reply which I am going to read to you was the reply that John Todd wrote to this old Auntie, in these simple words. Apply it with its love to the confusion of the hour and see what happens. Here is the letter he wrote her:

"It is now 35 years since a little boy of six was left quite alone in the world. You sent me word that you would give me a home and be a kind mother to me. I have never forgotten the day when I made the long journey of ten miles from my home in Killingworth to your home in North Killingworth. I can still recall my disappointment when I learned that instead of coming for me yourself you had sent a man to fetch me. I can still remember my tears and anxiety as perched on your horse and clinging tightly to Caesar I started for my new home. Night fell before we finished the journey and as the darkness deepened I began to be afraid. 'Do you think she will go to bed before we get there?' I asked Caesar anxiously. 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'she will stay up for you. When we get out of these woods you will see her candle sure enough.' Presently we rode into a clearing, and there, sure enough, I did see a friendly candle in a window. I remember that you were waiting at the door, that you put your arms around me as you lifted me, a tired and bewildered little boy, down from the horse. There was a bright fire on your hearth, a warm supper on your stove. After supper you took me up to my room, heard my prayers, and then sat beside me while I dropped asleep. You are probably wondering why I am now recalling these things. Some day soon, God will send for you to take you to a new home. Don't fear the strange journey with the Messenger of Death. At the end of the road you will find love and a welcome. You will be safe in God's care and keeping. God can be trusted, trusted to be as kind to you as you were to me so many years ago."

*LET THE WORLD KNOW THAT YOU KNOW GOD CAN BE TRUSTED, AND THE FUTURE WILL BE BRIGHT.*



# Annual
# Peoples Church
# BAZAAR

THURSDAY and FRIDAY,
December 5th and 6th, 1946
IN ANDERSON HALL
941 Lawrence Avenue

LUNCHEON and DINNER served on BOTH DAYS
Luncheon—11:30 to 12:30
Dinner — 5:30 to 7:30

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PLAN TO ATTEND BOTH EVENINGS
MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE BAZAAR FOR DINNER
SAVE YOUR ENERGY BY DOING YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT THE BAZAAR

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*This Bazaar—as Always—a Success!!!*
*With Your Help it Can Be.*

# The Liberalist

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## EDITORIAL

WHEN I was a little boy in our village of Linden, over in Michigan, I always wanted to be an engineer. I remember the advice I once heard a veteran railroad engineer give a younger engineer who had had a wreck and had begun to worry about his work. "The only thing you can do," this man advised, "is to go right back in the cab and drive as you always have. If you don't, you will always worry about the accident, and you will never be a good engineer again. Forget it. It's over. In this business you can't look back. Stick to the road ahead."

This ability to live in the present; to meet problems as they arise and then forget them, shapes a healthy, creative attitude toward life. With it and from it grows up a profound patience toward events which brings golden moderation and order and vitality into life. If you are not trying to do too much, if you are big enough for the place you occupy, if you are not living beyond your physical or mental means, you have self-command that worry cannot undermine. Inner poise can arise only from self-reliance and self-control. You who have it possess the incomparable resource against worry. Charles W. Eliot, the great president of Harvard University, who lived more than 90 years, fully and richly, said in his last interview before his death, that he owed his long life and his ability to achieve so much to the early conquest of worry. He mastered concentration—the knack of throwing off distractions, and thus was able to apply his mind entirely to the problem before him. Even when dying he refused to worry, and lived to the end serene and undisturbed. Dr. Eliot was able to attain this manner of living without losing his sympathy and human understanding. Heartlessness and selfishness are never defenses against worry. I would rather take on myself all the burdens of others than in hardening my personality, find myself without feeling for their griefs and perplexities. Learn to bear tranquilly the misfortunes of others. In the famous phrase, Goethe expressed a philosophy of life which is a sovereign cure for worry: "Submit to what is inevitable, banish the impossible from your mind, and look around for some new object of interest in life." A century or more later, some

wit of the great war, with much less dignity, but containing the same truth, wrote this credo which he called "The Airman's Philosophy:"

"If you fly well, there is nothing to worry about. If you should spin, then one of two things may happen: either you crash or you don't crash. If you don't crash, then there is nothing to worry about. If you do crash, one of two things may happen. Either you are hurt or you are not hurt. If you are not hurt, there is nothing to worry about. If you are hurt, one of two things may happen. Either you are badly hurt or you are not badly hurt. If you are not badly hurt, there is nothing to worry about. If you are badly hurt, then one of two things may happen. Either you recover or you don't recover. If you do recover, then there is nothing to worry about. If you do not recover then you cannot worry."

It is the spirit of this attitude that all of us need when this demon "worry" begins to rob us of the joy and beauty of life. Ed Howe, the famous Atcheson teacher, many years ago drew up some statements about worry:

"First, worry is injurious.

"Second, worry can usually be avoided. In training yourself to fight worry you get a mental training that will aid you in other ways.

"Third, worry can be most easily avoided by those who are most fair and honorable. No one guilty of bad or foolish conduct can avoid worry.

"Fourth, whoever talks too much has cause for worry that cannot be overcome. Talk less, and better.

"Fifth, avoid excesses of every kind. Good habits are as powerful as bad habits. A good habit is a source of constant pleasure, as bad habits are a source of constant worry.

"Sixth, don't boast of your membership in the 'Don't Worry Club,' or your superiority over others. There is seldom anything substantial in a boast.

"Seventh, success has its worries, but they are not so great as the worries that attend failure.

"Eighth, every man thinks with horror of being a burden in his old age. Much of the worry of the old is worry over poverty that was unnecessary.

"Ninth, the best members of this club will be temperate—temperate in all things always."

This program of Mr. Howe's does not resort to fancy cures or impossible demands. I like it especially for his insistence on temperance of life, and a just but not excessive frugality, on fair dealing and honesty and because his cardinal principle, like mine, is that worry can be cured.

A famous judge remarked that when he went home from the bench every afternoon, he exchanged his shoes for a comfortable pair of slippers. "When I take off my shoes," he said, "I take off my cares and worries; when I put on my slippers, I slip on also the feeling of comfort and ease." There is great wisdom in that practice of the Judge, for a lot of the worry habit is our inability to rid our minds of the annoyances of the day. Perhaps someone is listening to me now, driving home in his car. It may have been a hectic, busy day, and you are taking home with you the cares and the problems. Why did you not leave them in the office when you went out? Why carry them around with you this evening, or let them disturb the good night's rest that you probably need to face the problems of tomorrow? It can be done. With a little disciplining of your own mental habits, you will be amazed what you can accomplish in a few days of honest trial and if you will work hard at the task. And of all the means ever found, there is none like faith. Faith in life. Faith in the uni-

verse. Faith in the reign of goodness and beauty and truth. Faith in yourself. He who is conscious of his birthright in such a universe, who knows he is a child of God, can never so lose faith in himself and in the rewards of right living, as to permit worry to destroy his happiness and tranquility. The sense of oneness with the divine order, the fine confidence of a sincere and living faith, I commend to you as the perfect protection of self-mastery and self-control. Into the life of faith, the tarnishing of worry cannot come, and it is too pure a metal to ever corrode.

# BOOK CHATS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW said not very long ago, "When people ask me what has happened in my lifetime, I do not refer them to the newspaper files and to authorities, but to Upton Sinclair's novels"; and it is the latest novel written by Upton Sinclair in the Lanny Budd series which he calls "A World To Win," that we are going to talk about for a few minutes. Seldom duplicated in the literature of any nation at any time in history is the colossal task which Upton Sinclair chose for himself in what he is attempting to do with the Lanny Budd novels. I remember vividly some years ago, in a conversation with Upton Sinclair, that even then he spoke of attempting to do with the medium of fiction something that would be the history of a critical and serious time in the life of man. The coming of the world war had given him that opportunity which he was seeking. Ever since he wrote "The Jungle" in 1906, Upton Sinclair has been using fiction as a power in social and human relations. He is today the most widely translated of all living novelists and my authority for that statement is the unimpeachable critic, Mr. Malcolm Cowley, who makes it in a recent number of Life Magazine. In 1938 there had already been 713 translations of his various works appearing in 47 languages and 39 countries. A Japanese correspondent once told Mr. Sinclair "a term now often on the lips of people interested in modern literature is 'sinkurea jidai' " which means "the Sinclair era." Of course that era ended before Pearl Harbor, when all of Mr. Sinclair's books were prohibited in Japan. Undoubtedly, as Mr. Cowley brings out, this unprecedented interest in Upton Sinclair in the other nations of the world is because Mr. Sinclair in his writings deals with some aspect of our American Life. Other American novelists of course do this, but in no case have they been able to treat their theme with the same dynamic and dramatic intensity which characterizes Upton Sinclair, moving always against the background of ever changing social, economic and industrial patterns. You will recall the first book in the Lanny Budd series, a book called "World's End," and which was published immediately after the first world war. Then we had the novel "Between Two Worlds" which spanned the ten years between 1919 and 1929; then came the novel—and the mere mention of it will recall it to those of you who have been readers of Upton Sinclair it won the Pulitzer Prize, the novel called "Dragons' Teeth," which covered the period from 1929 to 1934. Then the period of 1934 to 1938 was treated in the book "Wide is the Gate."

This brings us to that critical and difficult year in which decisions were made which have turned the course of the centuries, the year 1938, which Upton Sinclair calls "the appeasement period," and his novel covering that period is called "Presidential Agent." Then comes "Dragon Harvest," and what a title that is for the period with which it deals, for "Dragon Harvest" covers the era from the tragedy of Munich to the German occupation of Paris, and now we have the last one to date, "A World To Win," which takes us almost up to day before yesterday. For the benefit of those who have not read the whole series as they were published, each of the novels stands out complete in itself and may be read and enjoyed separately, but the character of Lanny Budd runs straight through them all. The whole series has been published in Argentine, Belgium, Brazil, Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Rumania, Sweden and Switzerland, while publication is pending in Poland, and it is a point of interest that a condensation of Volume 3 was published in Russia and the first four volumes of the series are reported published in one volume, but the details are not available and we do not know whether the books have been published in Russia at all. It is a powerful and a significant fact, whether we agree with the philosophy of Upton Sinclair or not, whether we accept his ideas of what constitutes democratic idealism and the democratic, economic and industrial order, that there have been up until the year 1938 in the European countries, a total of 690 titles of books by Upton Sinclair, and in India, China and Japan, a total of 57. The number of books cannot be estimated and Upton Sinclair himself is the authority for the statement that in Britain, Germany and the Soviet Union the total was over seven million. Upton Sinclair said recently, "When I say historian, I have a meaning of my own. I portray world events in story form because that form is the one I have been trained in. I realized that this was the one job for which I had been born, to put the period of world war and revolutions into one great, long novel." Well, this he is doing, accomplishing, a literary task unparalleled in our time. Undeniably more people will read modern history on the pages of the historical novel than would read of the same period were it discussed more or less academically by some trained historian. And by the same token, the trained historian unquestionably would present facts unadorned by prejudice or propaganda more effectively than does the novelist; yet Upton Sinclair has taken these facts, and has related the character of Lanny Budd to historical episodes and with uncanny ability for interpretation, and almost a mystical quality of seeing the unforeseen, and has written a great book, or perhaps we should say, books, on this modern world. What place they will occupy in the future, as authoritative documents of value, to historians, we cannot evaluate. We do know that the passing of the years always brings perspective. We are able to weigh, in the light of passing time, historical affairs. What the historian 500 years from today—and there will be an historian 500 years from today—penetrating into the whole scene of which you and I are a part, what he may say about the contribution of Upton Sinclair we do not know. But this we do know, that whatever finally becomes the form of world society, or world government, or what happens to nations and empires, Upton Sinclair has a passion for democracy and freedom, economic opportunity and industrial righteousness. It may be he is a modern Jeremiah or an Isaiah, thundering in our midst, and like so

many of the great prophetic voices of the past, his warning signals go unheeded, until through failure, collapse and chaos man finally concludes that the warning voices spoke the truth. The thesis of Upton Sinclair seems to be that it will become necessary for industrial democracy and political democracy to become one and the same thing within the framework of democracy, if the world is ever to know freedom and light and life.

* * *

Last year, one Sunday afternoon, I was honored by being invited to give a convocation address for the University of Iowa at Iowa City. My Sunday morning was free. I found my way into the First Methodist Church and there discovered a friend whom I had known for his distinguished work in Minneapolis and in Duluth—Dr. Louis Leroy Dunnington. The church was filled with more than 1500 people, half of them students of the great university. I sat in the pew and listened to one of the addresses contained in this book which I bring to your attention entitled "Start Where You Are."

Dr. Dunnington at one period in his ministry was disappointed with its ineffectiveness. He felt that he was not accomplishing all that might be accomplished, and so, instead of just being content with the preaching of a sermon, he developed the idea of silent communication, with startling results which have attracted the attention of the nation. He gave to each person in attendance a little card upon which was written an inspiring and beautiful thought, without credal emphasis or any dogmatism whatever. These cards were carried by the people during the week; mothers hung them up in the kitchen; stenographers put them under the glass tops of their desks; business men carried them to their offices; and salesmen read them between calls, with the result that there was a quickening of influence throughout the entire community, and people reading these thoughts every day during the week became deeply conscious of the presence of God and the power in personal living which is engendered by that presence.

Dr. Dunnington has given us two other books called "Handles of Power" and "More Handles of Power." To give you an idea of how comprehensively the author has touched the problem of living creatively and constructively I am going to give you just the names of some of the chapters—there is no substitute for reading the book. Its full power and impact can only be known when you hold it in your hands and read at the head of each chapter the thought of the silent communication. There is no ecclesiastical or theological bias in this book. The people of every faith and creed can read it with inspiration and with profit. Here are the titles of a few chapters; the first one gives the title to the book: START WHERE YOU ARE. Another, THE POWER OF AN IDEA. Another, A SHORTAGE OF BRICKS—TIDES OF THE OVER-SOUL—CHOOSE YOUR ATTITUDES—THE CENTURIES SPEAK TO THE HOURS—FACE THAT INNER CONFLICT — DISMISS YOUR FEARS—THE PERSONALITY PARADOX—THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION—and the final chapter, which leaves us all in a spirit of triumph and of encouragement, which he calls "BEYOND THE SKYLINE." We are grateful for this book.

* * *

Being a best seller doesn't mean a book is a great book, but many great books have become best sellers and it is always encouraging when one does. The book "David, the King," a novel by Gladys Schmidt, published by The

Dial Press, is a best seller throughout this nation. The first book Gladys Schmidt ever wrote, a book entitled "The Gates of Aulis," is, I think, one of the great novels in our language, but it never became a best seller. I suggest that those of you who have loved the book "David, the King," read her first book, "The Gates of Aulis." "The Gates of Aulis" was modern man in search of his soul, and the theme interested her so much that she went back to ancient man in search of his soul, and as a result of her studies and thought, she selected the character of David, the shepherd boy, who became King of Israel, and around the story of his spiritual development she wrote the book "David, the King."

Here is something to remember always in connection with an historical novel, and that is, the author has no right or license to take liberties with well authenticated facts. Gladys Schmidt is so much the artist and so much the historian that even though she has written a novel, one may depend on what one learns of David from her book, and the Bible will verify its authenticity. Here is the story of a man who ran the whole gamut of life until he found his soul and that divine peace which always comes. Here is the story of the young David, who soothed a mad king, who loved Jonathan, and in saving his life lost him as a friend. Here is the story of the David who became a mighty warrior until the king, for fear he would lose his crown, drove him from the palace; and here is the story of how that refugee from the palace became King of Israel. The whole moving story is here of a great man—"David, the King." We can all understand him. We can all feel his sorrows, rejoice with him in his victories. "David, the King" was the forerunner of that other King who came to a cross!

P.B.

# "THAT FILTHY LITTLE ATHEIST"

(The following paper was read by Dr. Preston Bradley before the Chicago Literary Club on Monday, October 14, 1946. No extemporaneous speeches or addresses from memory are allowed to be given before this club, thus Dr. Bradley's appearances before the Chicago Literary Club and his radio programs are the only occasions on which he ever uses manuscript. It was thought by the Editors that this paper on the life of Thomas Paine would be of great interest to the readers of The Liberalist. Because of its length it will be necessary to publish it serially in several succeeding issues of The Liberalist.)

THEOLOGIANS, from the beginning of theological study, have dealt with a sin which is called "the unpardonable sin." There has always been much controversy as to what is this unpardonable sin. I am not concerned here with the idea of the unpardonable sin involved in theological speculation, but I think there is an unpardonable sin which is much more easily discerned and when committed warrants no forgiveness. I refer to the defamation of a person's character by another, particularly when that person is not there to defend himself. As a long-time and very early admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, I find it impossible to forgive him for once referring to Thomas Paine as "That filthy little atheist." It was Roosevelt who tacked this phrase onto the reputation of Thomas Paine. I happen to know that after he used the phrase in public, a committee of men who were authorities on the life of Thomas Paine visited Theodore Roosevelt, laid the facts which were authenticated by research and scholarship as to the true character of Thomas Paine before him, and asked him in fairness and as a matter of honor to recall his phrase and at-

tempt to undo the harm which he had done. This Theodore Roosevelt refused to do and never once did he recall his statement or retract it, or justify it or prove it. The truth is, Thomas Paine was not filthy, he was not little—he was taller than Theodore Roosevelt—and he was not an atheist. If it is not an unpardonable sin for a man to malign another one, and when made familiar with the facts to refuse to do his utmost to change a false impression—if that is not an unpardonable sin, then I am completely at a loss to understand what is. There is a great omission in our presentation of our own history as a nation to the youth of this nation because Thomas Paine remains almost obliterated in our United States history books and in the text books of American history which the young people of high school and college age study in American educational institutions. There is no reason for this except the fact that Thomas Paine was called a free thinker when being called a free thinker to so many untutored minds connotated or was synonymous with the word atheist. The only kind of thinking of any value at any time or anywhere is free thinking. That which is not free is not thinking. For the only thing which should condition thought is an unlimited area, without any obstacle, hindrance, tradition or prejudice standing in the way. Any thinking which must be bound by limitations is inferior thinking and maligns the high province of human thought. Other great men have suffered deeply in the affection and esteem of people because they, too, dared venture into areas of religious philosophy denied less spacious minds and gracious hearts. There is no doubt but what Robert G. Ingersoll might have received the nomination for the presidency of the United States —and at the time it would have meant his election—had the political powers in control of such nominations not been frightened by his religious thinking and had they not feared it would hazard his election and mean his defeat. And yet, intellectually, morally and in his patriotic loyalty to the finest principles of American government no man in the Republican party was superior to Robert Ingersoll. While in a more modern day, it is perfectly obvious that the loyalty and devotion of Governor Alfred Smith to the church of his birth and life cost him thousands of votes and possibly the presidency of this country. It works both ways; it always has and it probably always will. It is unfortunate and sometimes disastrous that such is the case, for a person's religion should remain a private matter for his own mind and heart, and each person should have that type of religion which best answers the hunger and need of his own soul. We prate a great deal in America about freedom of religion, but we forget that philosophically freedom of religion does not only mean freedom for you or for me to worship at the altar of our choice, but there is the deeper implication that freedom of worship means as well the freedom of a person not to worship at all if that represents his position. In other words, freedom of worship incorporates freedom not to worship, quite as much as it does freedom to choose some form of worship.

The revival of interest in the life of Thomas Paine and the contribution which he made to the development of democratic thinking and democratic processes, indicates that there is a growing appreciation of Paine. Within the past two or three years new biographies have appeared, one of which became a best seller throughout the nation, and, as is to be expected, the more scholarly, definitive and exhaustive biography was less read, but still, for biography, was read by sufficient num-

bers to predicate an interest of the general public in the life and character of Thomas Paine. This is all to the good. The bigoted, sectarian orthodoxy, which was such a powerful factor in determining the political destiny of men, and also in preventing the real truth to be known about these men, is not having it all its own way any longer. The environment for more favorable and exhaustive study of the damaged reputations of men was undoubtedly strengthened by scientific research and achievement. The universe has become increasingly better known through scientific advance, and consequently the old superstitions and fears which dominated the thinking of the past are gradually being eliminated in the presence of a still more miraculous universe which man is discovering. One of the most authoritative biographies of Paine is by Mr. J. M. Robertson which, somewhat abridged and slightly revised, forms an introduction to the library edition of the "Rights of Man" issued by A. & H. Bradlaw Bonner and printed in Great Britain.

From his father's side, Thomas Paine, who was born on the 29th of January, 1737, in Thetford, merited his predisposition toward the Quaker faith, but he was baptized in the church of his mother, the Church of England, and this, despite the common statement made by those who never study the life of Paine and who depend upon hearsay and gossip for their information, — despite the common statement that he was never christened. And it is certain that he was confirmed, though his father, Joseph Paine, is said to have been disowned by the Society of Friends for getting married by a Priest. Nevertheless, the father remained a Quaker and was so registered at burial. All during the many vicissitudes in the life of Thomas Paine, in poverty, imprisonment, success and dissipation, he always retained his Quaker sympathies. Of his early home life there is now available factual information. His father was a lovable parent, his mother less so, though to her he was dutiful, and to his father an affectionate son. It is probable that his mother wrote the letter, when Paine left England, which one of his enemies used against him. Nevertheless, Paine carefully supported her, and visited her in her extreme old age.

The Paine's were poor, and their son's early life was difficult with all of the tragic effects of poverty. He attempted to run away to sea at the age of seventeen, but from this adventure, as he tells us in the second part of the "Rise of Man" he was happily prevented by the affectionate and moral remonstrance of a good father, but he ran away again, this time going to sea on the privateer, "King of Prussia." It was after this cruise, in 1756, at the age of twenty, that he found employment in London as a staymaker, and there remained for two years, studying assiduously astronomy and attending faithfully the lectures of Martin and Ferguson. For some years afterward, his life was one of struggle, difficulty and hardship. In 1758 we find him working at his trade in Dover, and he set up a business for himself in Sandwich, where he married. The business did not prosper, and the woman he married died in 1760. Then he became an excise man, a collector of taxes. In 1764 his duties were to watch the smugglers in Alford and then, as has happened many times before and since, he wanted to be on good terms with his neighbors and he passed some goods without examining them and was dismissed. At twenty-eight he went back to the staymaking. In 1766 we find him an usher in an academy at Goodman's Fields in London at an

annual salary of twenty-five pounds, and there is a great deal of evidence to support the idea that at this time he tried to secure ordination in the church of England, and there is evidence that he even preached at Moorfield's. That he held the opinions later to be expressed in "The Age of Reason" at this time, it would be preposterous to accept. Paine's philosophical thinking was evolutionary and grew with the years. He petitioned for reinstatement in the excise and was reinstated and given a post at Lowe's, where he remained until 1774 with a fair amount of happiness. I ask you to notice the chronology here, 1774, two years before 1776, and remember that in January preceding the July of 1776, Thomas Paine wrote "Common Sense."

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

**By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY**

OCTOBER draws to a close the pageant of color which began with the first tiny buds on the bushes beading the branches of trees with green, and forsythias shining forth like sunshine. It now ends with autumn's transient beauty of gold and crimson and bronze turning to brown, the gamut of color being spent these months since spring which has provided a succession of tableaux, kindling the imagination with inspiration, touching something deep in one's emotions! Now we step into the grey month of November, with somber sky and cold winds. But this we can remember, and it is always a cheering thought to those who love their gardens and all growing things—that every multicolored leaf that falls to the ground from the first golden one fluttering earthward from the birches in the blue haze of September to the last crisp brown leaf on the oaks, leaves behind it a bud that is the embryo of next season's growth, and safely underground in the dark all the little bulbs and tubers and tiny roots are busy as chipmunks before their winter nap, gathering and storing up food for the big spring push when melting snow and rain and warm sunshine will give the signal that winter has passed and they may come forth in their glory!

November brings us to Thanksgiving Day—with a special church service—and in our own home the celebration of our thirty-first wedding anniversary. Dr. Bradley and I were married on Thanksgiving Day 1915, and we decided when we chose that day that we would always celebrate the anniversary on Thanksgiving regardless of date, as the fourth Thursday in November is of course not always on the same date. It makes no difference at all to us—we consider Thanksgiving Day our wedding day!

It is a month now since the opening service of the church—and "time marches on!" Everyone seems glad to be back in church these Sunday mornings, and all the church organizations are beginning their year with enthusi-

asm and happy anticipation, busily engaged in plans and arrangements for their winter programs. The Sunday morning services are more than ever inspiring, it seems to me; the people go out with their shoulders back as though feeling they had shed a load, and a different expression on their faces than when they came in. I am sure they feel better equipped to handle the problems of the week ahead.

* * *

In the Mail Bag today we have a splendid letter from a friend of long ago. It came as a pleasant surprise, as Dr. Bradley had not heard from him in many years. I know you will appreciate this letter and so I offer it here for you to read.

"Dear Preston: The other day I heard your voice on the radio and as always admired your clear presentation. I was reminded of my youth—and your coming to Kyle Dales on Grand Boulevard and your beginnings and mine too. You and your works are good works. Thank the Lord there are people who are trying to lift instead of degrade.

"As for me—I am just out of hospital after 20 months. I was wounded in Holland, January '44—broken back, pelvis (front and rear), hips, knee, crushed bladder, and numerous other injuries. Well, I can again walk with cane and a limp and I'm on my way to real recovery—which was more difficult as I am 50.

"There are compensations for long illness and pain and being crippled. You think *again* as to what the *real* values of life are—and one's ideas greatly change. Closeness to death somehow takes away fear of it and the idea of service to fellow man so outweighs monetary values—the weaknesses of secular church loom—or should I say rumble—against the eternality of God—and the gargoyles of greed, prejudice, superstition, ignorance, and hatred seem everywhere to be fought. Yet life and its experience in pain as well as pleasure is worth while if for no other reason than to do battle.

"After two wars I do think it's the world's greatest crime—a breeding ground for evil of every kind—and look at our leadership—world-wide—something to wonder about—

"Soon I shall visit Chicago and I'd like saying hello—a moment in your busy life. Please let me hear if it's possible. In sincerity, Ed."

This letter came from Col. Edward Gould, from San Bernardino, Calif., which makes us realize Doctor's morning broadcast reaches far and wide. Many of his friends are hearing him who have not heard his voice for a long time, and rejoice at the opportunity.

* * *

I received a beautiful and quite remarkable letter a few days ago—remarkable because it was directed to me—filled with appreciation (and understanding) for this particular little column in the "Liberalist," "The Radio Mail Bag." I did not think I should offer it, being so personally complimentary, but my husband insists. So here is the letter from Tallassee, Alabama—so friendly and warm and kind:

"Dear Mrs. Bradley: For a number of years now, 'The Liberalist' has come to me as the birthday gift of my very dear friend, Julia Sparling, who lives there in your city. And I suppose that I have never read an issue of the little publication when I did not feel—somewhere along its pages—a sudden impulse to write you and Dr. Bradley of my enjoyment and appreciation of it. I *do so, now*—wanting you to know the inspiration which it continues to bring to me.

"The splendid sermons of the Doc-

tor's I read first of course, since I usually read the book from 'kiver to kiver' quite literally, and his sermon is the first in order. But I want you to know, particularly, that your own cheery column is my favorite bit of reading, for whatever my mood as I approach it, I find the warmth and genuine friendliness of *your* mood an inescapable one. I look forward to your delight in the changing seasons with their varied expressions in the world of nature and never fail to feel the response to your own happiness in each in turn—whether written from your Lake Vermilion retreat in the summer, or from your apartment in the lovely but busy City of Chicago. I invariably sense a bond of friendship and understanding between us. From your moods—with no effort on my own part—I always feel that we know each other well.

"This reaction is due in part no doubt to my appreciation of Julie's deep regard and love for you over a long period of years—for both you and Dr. Bradley. No friends are dearer to her than you (and she chooses her friends with rare insight—being a most rare one in her own right!)—but wholly apart from any such consideration, I have been grateful that through the pages of 'The Liberalist' I have been enabled to feel quite intimately *for myself* the charm which you two possess for all those who know you best.

"Please tell Dr. Bradley of my pleasure in his little 'paper' also. (I met him once at Jimmie's theatre—he'll likely not remember.) You may also tell him that, speaking as a 'small-town Alabama Methodist,' I can think of no opportunity I should appreciate more genuinely than that of sitting in his congregation each Sunday morning the whole years through.

"With best wishes to each of you, and an assurance of my kindest thought always, Appreciatively yours, Irene Floyd."

Remember, we watch for your letters with pleasant anticipation.

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

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# DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

## *DURING THE SUMMER*

June 15 — Commencement Address, Alma College, Alma, Michigan

June 23—Address, National Finnish Mid-Summer Festival, Olcott Park, Virginia, Minn.

July 26—Address, Minnesota Arrowhead Assn., Ely, Minn.

July 30—Address, Lions Club, Duluth, Minn.

Aug. 1—Rotary Club, Hibbing, Minn.

Aug. 20—Address, Chamber of Commerce, Cook, Minn.

## *FOR SEPTEMBER*

15—Morning service. Peoples Church. Opening 35th year.

16—Opening radio address. "Hymns of All Churches." WLS
Opening radio address, 10th season. WGN

17—Radio address. WLS
Conference. Committee of Youth from Students for Federal World Government.
Radio address. WGN

18—Radio address. WLS

Radio address. WGN

19—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

20—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

22—Morning service. Peoples Church.

23—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Board of Trustees, Chicago Public Library.
Radio address. WGN
Address. PTA, Roosevelt School, Park Ridge.

24—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Welcome Home Dinner, Peoples Church.

25—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Mr. Henry Mandel.
Radio address. WGN

26—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

27—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

29—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Address. Greater Bethesda Church.

30—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Men's Club of Peoples Church.

## *CHRISTENINGS*

22—Nelson Gary Moen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nels Moen.
Lila Faye Lusan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Lusan.
John Francis Ferguson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson.

29—Sharon Victoria Moskal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Moskal.
June Kay Hynes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hynes.

## *WEDDINGS*

14—Roy Edward Easterly, Jr. and Dolores Marie Kral.
Charles R. Schwartz and Alice D. Johnson.
Frank Wilkins and Eleanor G. Mason.

17—Leonard Klasstow and Pearl Johanson.

18—Eskel Hassel and Verna Rae Hassel. (Repeat vows.)

21—Ralph Kelly and Margaret Bauman.
George Frank and Ziora Berry.

22—Leonard Fahlander and Virginia Johnson.
Thos. Gunn and Helen Madey.
Paul Cunningham and Margaret F. Costin.

28—Harry O. Mickley and Lois K. Fellgren.

## *FUNERALS*

14—Mrs. Robert Byron.

19—Max Gunkler.

21—Mrs. Anna Loeser.

## Flowers to the Living

*By* HILDA BUTLER FARR

When I am gone I do not care
How many flowers are sent,
Because without a single bloom
I still shall lie content.
But while I'm here and can enjoy
The colorful display,
I'm deeply grateful for each one
That ever came my way.
An open car bedecked with wreaths
Will bring no joy to me,
And so in preference I'd choose
One flower that I can see.

# CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

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## PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

**Lawrence at Sheridan**
**35th Season**

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 a.m.
CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall ..... 9:30 a.m.
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not broadcast) Opening Sunday, November 3rd 7:30 p.m.
WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES
Opening Wednesday, November 6th—Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.
CHOIR REHEARSALS, every Friday, Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.
New Members always welcome.
WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets every two weeks, Anderson Hall)
Monday, Nov. 11th, in Anderson Hall, at 1:00 P.M. Regular Meeting. Following the business session, Mrs. M. A. Miles, Chrm. of American Home Dept., will present Manas M. Torcom, whose subject is "Romance of Oriental Rugs." Jeannie Smith, Lyric Soprano, will sing, accompanied by Virginia Fosdyke. Mrs. John Wayland, hostess ..... 1:00 p.m.

Tuesday, Nov. 12, Rummage Sale, from 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m., at 2825 Lincoln Ave. For further information call the church office, Longbeach 6878, or Miss Ethel Fowler, Chrm., Palisade 7516. Mrs. M. A. Miles is co-chairman.

Monday, Nov. 25th, in Anderson Hall, at 1:00 p.m. After a business session and announcements, Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Chrm. of Dept. of Legislation, will present Mrs. Preston Farley, Chrm. of Constitution Comm. of League of Women Voters, whose subject will be "Constitutional Conventions." An added feature will be music by Robert J. Stegeman, accordionist, who was 2nd Prize Winner at 1946 Music Festival. Mrs. Frank Bryan, hostess..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets 1st and 3rd Monday, Anderson Hall). In addition to the regular meetings of the club, the Business Women are meeting every Friday night at 8 p.m. in Anderson Hall to work on articles for the Bazaar.

Monday, Nov. 4th, in Anderson Hall, at 8:00 p.m., the Business Women will present Dr. Preston Bradley in a book review of "The Egg and I." This meeting will be open to the public. Bring your friends and give them an opportunity to hear Dr. Bradley discuss this widely read and talked of humorous book..... 8:00 p.m.

Monday, Nov. 18th, in Anderson Hall, at 8:00 p.m. Regular Meeting. Miss Dorothea Thompson, recently returned from the National Convention of the American Legion in San Francisco, will report on her work under Gen. Omar Bradley on "The Rehabilitation of Veterans"..... 8:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 2nd, in Anderson Hall, at 8:00 p.m. Regular Meeting and Donation Party. Alice Pearson, Chairman..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB (Meets every 4th Monday in Anderson Hall)
Monday, Nov. 25th, in Anderson Hall, at 8:00 p.m. Regular Meeting. The Men's Club will present Frank Sain, Warden of Cook County Jail. This meeting will be open to the public..... 8:00 p.m

USHER'S CLUB (Meets 1st Tues. each month, Anderson Hall)..... 8:00 p.m.
Karl H. Lemke, Sec., 3536 N. Bosworth Ave., Bittersweet 3764.

PRESTON BRADLEY VETERANS' ORGANIZATION (Meets 1st and 3rd Tues. each month)..... 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, Nov. 5th, in Anderson Hall, at 8 p.m. the Veterans' Organization will have an open meeting at which Dr. Bradley will be the speaker. His subject will be "Home Front Veterans." Guest fee 50c..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTEIME CLUB. (Meets on notice)..... 8:00 p.m.
Miss Mary Nordstrom, Sec.-Treas., 7737 W. Hortense (31), Newcastle 7185.

PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM of the Church School (Meets 2nd Monday of each month in Anderson Hall). Earl S. Neindorf, Pres., 1517 School St., Lakeview 7267..... 8:00 p.m.

THE CHOIR—Meets every Friday evening for practice in the Church Auditorium. Social meetings are held on notice.....8:00-9:30 p.m.
Henry D. Ferguson, Pres., 2617 W. Berwyn Ave. (25), Sun. 2582.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION
Friday, Nov. 22nd, will sponsor Annual Family Dinner in Anderson Hall..... 6:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; 1642 N. Clark St., Mic. 7766. Drama Tea first Sunday each month. Membership auditions second Sunday each month.

November production: "Outward Bound," by Sutton Vane, playing Saturday, Nov. 2nd, 9th, 16th, and 30th; and Thursday, Nov. 21. Eleventh St. Theatre, 62 E. 11th St. Curtain 8:30..... 8:30 p.m.

Sunday, Nov. 3, in Anderson Hall, at 4 p.m., November Drama Tea. Two one-act plays: "The Valiant" by Robert Middlemass and Hall Worthyhall, and "The Cheer Leader," by Len D. Hollister..... 4:00 p.m.

Tuesday, Nov. 26, in Anderson Hall, at 8:30 p.m., November "Spotlight." J. Bradley-Griffin in a recital version of "The Hasty Heart" by John Patrick.. 8:30 p.m.

## DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning Service.....11:00 to 12:30 p.m.
WLS—"Hymns of All Churches" (ABC Network—200 stations)..... 9:25 a.m.
WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

# THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

**Center of Allied Arts**
**J. Bradley-Griffin, Director**

**Temporary Headquarters and School**
**1642 N. Clark Street, Chicago 14** **Michigan 7766**

* * *

*NOVEMBER PRODUCTION—23rd SEASON*

"OUTWARD BOUND"

by Sutton Vane

Directed by J. Bradley-Griffin
Presented at the Eleventh Street Theatre
11th St. and Michigan Boulevard
*on*

Saturday, November 2 Thursday, November 21
Saturday, November 9 Saturday, November 30
Saturday, November 16

Curtain 8:30 P.M. Admission $1.20, including Fed. Tax
Patron Membership Tickets—$10.00

* * *

NOVEMBER DRAMA TEA—Sunday, November 3rd
Anderson Hall, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue

"THE VALIANT"

by Robert Middlemass and Hall Worthyhall
Directed by Ed Trust
*and*

"THE CHEER LEADER"

by Len D. Hollister
Directed by Jane Lillig

4 P.M. Admission 60c including Fed. Tax

* * *

NOVEMBER "SPOTLIGHT"
Tuesday, November 26
J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN
in a recital version of
"THE HASTY HEART"
by John Patrick

Anderson Hall, Peoples Church, 8:30 p.m. All seats free

* * *

For classes in all branches of the theatre
BRADLEY-GRIFFIN SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE
1642 N. Clark Street Michigan 7766
Kathryn Andrews, Registrar

# AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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# Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
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Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
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Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
Byron, R. B.
Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
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Cuzort, James T.
Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
DeWees, William Robert
Droth, Betty
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Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
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Fishman, Carl Leonard
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Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
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Gau, William R.
Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow

*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
Hurley, Betty Best
Hurley, William R., Sgt.
Ingersoll ,Harold
Johannes, Henry C., Dr.
Johansonn, Eileen
Johnson, Lawrence
Jones, Lincoln H.
Kastner, Howard H.
Kemper, Calvin C.
Kiltz, Elwood E.
Klingler, Lambert H.
Klippel, Winifred
Kokoefer, E.
Kosner, James, Cpl.
Kramer, Hans
Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
Kredler, Stanley
Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
Langley, Philip
Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
Miller, Harold R.
Miller, John M.
Miller, Richard
Miller, Richard B.
Miller, Roger
Molzahn, W. A.
Moore, Florence M.
Moran, Walter
Mostek, Raymond
Murphy, Robert J.
Myers, William V., Sgt.
Needham, Daniel Arthur
Nelson, Harry G.
Nelson, Howard C.
Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
Norris, Donald J.
Novotny, Anton
Oldenburg, Forrest A.
Olson, Robert
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Palmer, Earl
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Palo, Clarence W.
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Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
Philbrick, Betty
Phillips, James E.
Phillips, Jim
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Plummer, Pauline M., R.N., 2nd Lt.
Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
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Schnorr, Robert K.
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Wegner, Gerhard
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Williams, Arthur J.
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